

The Quakers Ballad?

O R,

An Hymn of Triumph and Exultation for their Victories, at the two late great Disputes by them held with the Baptists, the first in *Barbican*, on the 9th. the second in *Wheeler-street*, on the 16th. of the Eight Month, 1674.

To an excellent new Tune, called, *The Zealous Ardent*.



Ye friends and be friends whoever inherit Our juglings so plain will appear that each eye,
Infallible light in dark-lantern of Spirit, Though the mask of our holy pretences will spy,
Come prick up your ears, for behold! I will let ye And see that a Quaker, when stript of his paint,
With an Hymn that is cal'd by the wicked, a Ditty Is nearer of kin to an Acheist, than Saint.

In the Scuffle we late have had with the Baptists Then let us equivoque nearly and lay
Wherein both our honour and interest imapt is, A plausible meaning on all that we say,
Though our logick perhaps be too weak to dispute And the very same art that serves to excuse us,
We hope by a Ballad at least to confute, um. (um At once shall condemn all those that accuse us.

For though Fiddle & Organs are both Babilonish
Wherewith the prophane delighted alone is;
Yet in such a case inspiration may haunt
Even us which are perfect to warble a Chaunt.

Then let us a while our tremblings lay by,
And quit our still speetings to set up a cry,
Let's challenge, and rant, calk loud and be bold,
For the Spirit at present doth move us to scold.

'Tis time to exclaim, as receiving the wrong,
And take up that carnal weapon the tongue,
For if we delay our whole party must sink,
And our long-boasted light go out in a blink.

This being done, we point time and place,
And come full prepared to bandy the case,
In the Barbican first we gave them a meeting,
And never was seen such a Bear-garden grunting

A Rabble thrust in from each end of the Town,
And before half an agreement could be laid down
In less time than a man can a pot of Ale swallow,
'twas confirm'd with a howl, & deny'd with a hallow

The place like an Hot-house appear'd, and by hap
Some friends might be cured here of a clasp;
And if it were so I cannot but say,
'Twas the best effect of our meeting that day.

The second part, to the same Tune.



But once more have at um, for without doubt
If we cannot confute, we must tye them out
& therefore sent word they were cowardly lubbars,
If they would not in Spittle-fields venture a rub-
(bers
Four hours and more we dispute in and out,
To know what it was we should dispute about,
Which yet at the last was never agreed,
But no matter for that we resolv'd to proceed.

'T would have made puss laugh, or child in the cri-
To hear us chop logick and calk syllogismes, (comes,
That spiritual cantings of Naylor and a brood,
Should Apostatize thus into figure and mood.

To see holy seed so grand a designer,
As to turn yea and nay into major and minor,
The language of beast Concedo or Pergo,
And tickle their toadies at last with an Ergo.

At last they came on like huffing Philistines,
And needs would attempt to probe us no Christians
When most by our wranglings already thought much
To believe that in truth either of us were such.

All Dialogues we cry'd down as prophane,
Though divers of us had written in that strain;
But that by a figure must be understood,
Making things bad in others, in us to be good.

But let friends take notice how basely they wrong us
By suggesting a Popish God bless us, amongst us;
For there was no need of that I must tell ye;
Since each of us carries his Pope in his belly.

Our selves to be Christians we loudly declare,
But about the contest to probe that we were;

London, Printed for James Naylor.

For we find that our interest doth better agree,
To be counted Christians, than crabs to be.

Yet inbeggled with a kind of a wyle, (while
We were drawn into what we had shunn'd all while
But still we were safe, though probably just to it,
For when all this fail inspiration can't be.

To this then I saye though certain it be,
Did Mahomet be as much claim'd to as we;
However it serves to ward off a blow,
For who shall reute what no man can know.

For if folks would have wonders or miracles seen
We confess we're an instance at present but none,
That so many shuld Scripture and reason forsake
And in our ridiculous whinies partake.

but though in god's way we would argue no more
We went on with bawling as high as before,
For we knew that the crowd would the glory afford
To him that spoke loudest, and had the last word.

To probe that which our Antagonist bent,
'Tis enough for a day that we made them content
And charged them basely when we had none,
In the hear within eccho, they run, & then none.

And to shew that our Ammunition is a shew,
Was yet not all sent, nor weary was the crew,
And fell all a Praying in Rank and in File.

Thus in byle a Ringo cluster we kept, and a fire
But what good came on't if I know I'm a cur,
Only people went on, some such and some more,
But all of them yet as wise as they were.